Carribean Blue

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Carribean Blue

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Summary

Since he was little, William Graham had been haunted by nightmares to the point he's afraid to sleep. But one day, he stumbled into a weird dream where the sky was so blue and had tall glass wall. A dream where he met someone that's probably would change his future.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The first time it happened, he was three year old.

William Graham was playing with his nanny and friend, Garry. He chatted cheerily when Garry hug him and touching his thigh. William thought Garry was always an affectionate man, and he laughing because his nanny's touches made him tickled.

And when William grabbed Garry's hand to stop him from tickling him, suddenly he saw something weird. It was dark at first, then a pendulum swinging, like the one that hanging in his father's antique clock, before it morphed into an unfamiliar room. He confused, and more confused when his body moving itself. He shocked when he accidentally looked at the mirror. It was not his face, it was Garry's. How could he be in Garry's body? Then his mouth was moving to say stuffs he did not understand. And that's when the weird thing he saw *happened*.

Because he did not understand and he was curious, he decided to ask his father later at dinner.

"Daddy, why do Garry sticking his 'little Garry' into a boy's butt? And why he do not stop though that boy cryin' to him to stop?"

A clang sound was so loud it made William cringed. He turned his head, confused, only to see a horrified look on his father's face.

And the next day, he never saw his nanny again. There was a nice police who asking him many question about Garry that he did not quite understand; like is Garry touching him wrong or is Garry make him do something that he did not want to. But William happily answered him anyway, because he was a police and William wanted to be a policeman when he grown up.

He still saw the pendulum. In the street, in the kindergarten, in the neighbor, in the playground, in home. Sometimes it was vague, sometimes it was very clear. And because of that, William asked a lot of things that he did not understand to his father, earning a weird look from him but still answered his questions. William knew that his father holding quite a lot back when answered him, but he did not know why.

Then he accidentally saw a crime scene on the park. A murder one.

*

It is dark and empty. Glass shards and gravel crunch under my boot. I can feel the cold air burned down my throat when I suck it deep and the shiver blows the breath from my lips in a quick huff of steam.

I see him in a telephone booth. He is on the phone, talking loudly in this silent night. I have planned this carefully, but I don't have much time. After he closes his phone, that's when I lung at him.

I slash his throat first, deep, so he can't scream. I lean back to evade the blood that sprayed toward me. I don't want someone see me bloodied and calls the police before I can escape anyway. He takes me surprise by trying to punch me, it's fortunate my reflex is good or he will knock me back. I kick him on his stomach, before gut him in a fast, quick, and strong. See his intestines hanging as he falls. It is messy, I know, but it's worth. I'm grinning as I watch the life in his eyes dimming. I throw the knife through his head to finishing my work.

…this is my design…

*

He woke up at night, screaming and clawing and crying. His father was hugging him to calm him, but the nightmare made him so scared. His father told him a story, sang him a lullaby, his voice was soft and peaceful and loving, and William found himself lulled into the slumber.

But the nightmares were still coming, and William did not know what he should do to get rid of them.

He was five when he first stranded in this strange, white-blue dream.

He was running and running and running from the nightmare. He wanted to wake up, but he could not. His body could not move as he watching the first murder he saw happened and happened over again. He could not do anything when the first murder morphed into the second one. Not like the first murder, the second murder he saw through a crime scene photo on the newspaper. It was not as clear as when he saw the crime scene personally, but it still frightened him. Then there was the victim of the third murder, haunting him with her gory bloodied self, screaming as she gunned down again and again. The third murder he saw, not by a crime scene or newspaper, but directly. He was four and walking home from the kindergarten when a woman running toward him with a man holding a gun chased her. The woman gunned down right in front of him, sprayed her lifeblood onto his little body. He could remember her eyes, wide and horror. He still could feel the blood running down on his skin.

The nightmare tormented him again and all over again.

And then, he stumbled in to the whiteness and blue.

It was beautiful, all around him. Snow outspread all over the land, but he was not cold. The sky was so blue and clear and looked so close with little and big clouds adorned it, but he was not hot. Frost glinted on the branches of trees. The place was calm and peaceful.

He was wandering around there. Sometimes playing with the snow, making snowman, making angel. He had once run for as long as he could, and he found something that made him gaped in amazement.

There was unbelievable tall, large, strange glass wall that looked like spread miles and miles on either side and towering up to the sky.

He pressed his hands to the wall, wondering why there was a glass wall in here. It's like the wall was here as a barrier. He confused why there was a barrier, as the sight on the other side was very similar to his side. Just snow over the land, and clear blue sky.

But he put aside his curiosity. This was the first time he had a good dream after so long, and he did not want to waste it.

When he woke up the next day, he was sad that the dream would not come again.

But, he was wrong.

Three days later he was there, inside the white-blue dream, playing happily with the snow.

And he was always been there every three days.

He found a marker one day, a black marker, almost buried in the snow. And he cheered at his finding. He used the marker to draw the glass wall, making animal, making mountain, making whatever a kindergarten kid could draw. And then he learned that the ink in the marker would never run out, even if you use it very often.

Three days later, on another visit to this dream, he pouted when he saw the pictures he drew vanished, leaving only a very clean glass wall. Apparently, every time he came here, the pictures he had drawn in the previous visit always disappear.

When he tired of playing or drawing, he always experimented with all the weirdness here. Through this, he learned that if he forced himself to sleep in here, he would go back to his previous dream before coming to here. He had even once punched the wall (because there were no rocks in there) until it break as he curious about the other side, only to feel unbearable pain and saw his hand cut off while the glass – magically – sealed itself back to normal, and he woke up with his hand paralysis for more than a week and had to go to the doctor.

He was never again curious about what was on the other side since then.

He was playing, experimenting, or drawing, whenever the strange dream came up. It was so fun. Well, for a long moment. But after months he played alone, he getting lonely.

He never had friend, in his school or in the neighborhood. Sometimes there were kids approached him, but they did not feel like a friend to him. A temporary playmate sure, but never a friend. The kids always looked afraid at him after the first time they played, William never knew why. And let's do not forget about **bullies**. William was a brilliant kid, the teachers always praised him for his intelligence, and it made some kids feel envious. Most easy, if they only ignored him, but the worst was if they chose to bully him.

Alone in the real world, and alone in the dream. Added some nightmares he had since he was three, and you would have a suicidal kid.

But, no, he was not a suicidal, fortunately. Moreover, he did not want to leave his father alone anytime, he could not do that to him.

He did not mind being alone. But still, it was nice to have someone beside his father. Someone that could and wanted to be his friend.

And a year later, he found a broken blond teenager lying unconscious on the other side of the glass wall in his white-blue dream.

Chapter End Notes

Well, in the end I decide to make this story into multichapter, not a one-shot like "Paint the Sky With Stars". That's because I have writer's block in the middle of the story, and I still can't overcome it yet. But I want to continue "Draw With Me" Series! I conflicted about this for how-long-I-don't-remember!

And so, I change my mind to make this fic into one-shot to multichapter.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Will was so happy when he have a company in his dream.

He still could remember well when he first met her.

It was on his sixth birthday. She was so beautiful, like a fairy queen in the stories that his father read for him. Long, curly brown hair and blue eyes. And she came to his house to celebrate his birthday.

And William did not know whether he should like her or not.

It's because of his father. When the fairy lady came, William noticed that sadness and also hope exuded from his father. But, after his father talked with her, the hope vanished. Only sadness in him, and William did not like it when his father sad.

So, William did not know his feeling. He himself liked her enough, but she made his father sad.

Before she left, the lady suddenly kneeled right in front of him, making him startled. She locked her eyes with his, the same blue eyes, for a long moment. "You're same as me," she said, with sadness in her tone.

William blinked in confusion. What does she mean?

He was about to ask her, but stopped when the lady hug him, stroking his curly hair softly. "I'm sorry, William," she whispered. "You're a psychic, like me. And I'm sorry to doom you towards that life because of me."

He was more and more confused. Psychic? He remembered read the word in a book in the local library, but he did not remember what it means.

The fairy lady let him go, leaving him a cold and bad feeling, and talking with his father for a brief moment, before she left.

He never saw her again since that. But he caught his father crying in the midnight a week later.

Instantly, he knew who the lady is and what happened to her.

She was his mother. And she was dead already.

William did not know what he should feel about that.

“Hello?”

William called the teenager on the other side of the glass wall, trying to wake him up. Occasionally, he knocked the wall with his knuckle. But the man would not budge.

“Excuse me?” he tried again, louder than before, and pounding the wall hard.

The man still did not wake up.

“Hey, mister?!” he yelled as he banging the wall loudly.

There was a twitch. Red eyes opened slowly. William watched as the man recovered from his daze, confusion in those weird eyes. He stiffened when the man glanced toward him and baffled at what he saw. The man was not actually looked at him, so what was…

Oh, right, the magnificent, amazingly tall glass wall.

“Mister, can you hear me?” William asked loudly. The man turned his head toward him, and William’s eyes widened when their gaze locked together.

William was always able to understand the feelings of other people since he could remember. He thought it’s just because he was too sensitive, but since “the pendulum” first appeared he never sure that it was the case. And then his mother came and told him that he was a psychic. He confused, back then, about what did psychic mean. So, he searched anything about it by read the books in the local library, and instantly understand what it mean when he found it.

And he was a psychic that could see the past events. Through people, things, photos, or environments.

And he could not control the use of his ability. He could not stop it when he did not want to see. He could not use it when he wanted to see.

So, when he caught this blond man’s eyes, he felt afraid.

Because his ability was overwhelmed him.

*

There mother lay, dress on fire, frozen hard in the snow.

There was the cook, and there the teacher's brains frozen on the snow among the scattered pages.

Father faced down near the steps, dead of his own decisions.

Fighting and biting as little sister held up on the arms by them, feet clear of the bloody snow, twisting, looking back with fright in her eyes.

There was a sound of the axe from the yard

MischaMischaMischaMischaMischaMischa

*

The man was so broken. William could already feel the blonde's sorrow just by looking at him in the eyes, so what if William touched him? Maybe William would have another nightmare added to his collections.

"Ah, you're awake," he said, trying to make his trembling voice sounded even. "You slept so long I almost thought you'd never wake up."

The man tilted his head as if examining the situation.

"Are you okay, mister?" William asked again.

The man's eyes narrowed at him, and William instantly feel bad. Of course the man was not okay! He lost his family right in front of him! William chastised himself. "Um… sorry, I didn't mean to offend you," he said softly, looking down. "Please don't be angry at me."

The long silence pressed in on him, overwhelming.

He just wanted to cry when a scratching sound was heard. He looked up, watching the blonde wrote something on the glass wall.

.uoy ʜtiw yɿǫnɒ ton m'I

He frowned at the words, his eyebrows scrunched in confusion. *'What the hell was that?'* William thought, unconsciously using a bad word.

It seemed the man realized that William did not understood what he wrote as he crossed out the words and looked struggling to write another message underneath.

I'm not angry with you.

Comprehension dawned on William's face, before he nodded with a wide bright smile spread on his lips. The man was not angry with him anymore! *'And,'* William stared in amazement when a small smile slowly tugged on the man's lips. '*He smiled! He's not angry again!'* he thought, feeling happy. The smile was beautiful on the man's face. He was sad though when the smile faded.

The man wrote again. ***Do you know where this is?***

William pulled the blanket he wore closer to him, sitting and curled up like he was trying to shield himself against the cold – though he was not cold at all. “I don’t know,” he said softly, his blue eyes locked at the man’s red ones. “I mean… I dream about this place sometimes. This is the first time I’ve seen you here.”

The man looked like thinking about something, probably about why he was here. William confusedly saw the blonde scratching his palm and winced.

Do you think I am dreaming too? The man wrote.

William crossed his legs as he squinted and frowned, before he understood what he means. “Maybe. Probably. I also am not feel like in normal dream when I’m here, if you’re wondering why you feel like you’re awake.” Yeah, like when he tried to break the glass wall, it was so goddamn hurt!

But, he was also curious about this dream. He had heard about the continuous dream, but he doubted there was anyone got the continuous dream for two years in row.

The man pressed his hand to the cold glass wall as his other hand started to write again. ***Well, don’t force yourself thinking about that. If this is just a dream, we can look for the answer after we wake up.*** William blinked, moving closer and openly studying the man with curiosity written all over his face. The scratches of marker sound began. ***My name is Hannibal. What’s your name?***

Hannibal. The man’s name was Hannibal. A shy smile had shown on William’s face. “I’m William.”

Nice to meet you, William. Hannibal wrote, before leaning against the glass wall. William was pondering for a moment, before decided to do the same, directly across him. William felt it was almost like they were leaning against each other, and he found it at least a little bit comforting.

When William woke up the next day, he was in good spirit. He finally no longer alone in that dream! He had a friend! Well, not yet, but he would make sure Hannibal will be his friend! He might not quite understand how to socialize, but he would try.

“You looks happy, William,” his daddy said when they had breakfast.

William gave him a wide smile and nodded. “Un!! Not only I don’t get nightmares in my sleep, I also gained a friend!” he said, leaving the ‘dream’ part. His father would only think that he had an imaginary friend anyway. His father was too **normal** for something like this.

He even never told his father that he was a psychic.

He saw his dad smiled. “Is that so?”

“Yep!” William paused. “He’s much older than me, though.”

An alarm look had seen in his father’s eyes. “Much older?”

William blinked at his father’s demeanor, before his empathy caught up the worry and anxiety from him. “Don’t worry, daddy,” he said, trying to reassure his dad. “He was fine. I have a knack for something like this, remember?”

William was not sure if his father knew about his psychic ability, he always thought that his father just assumed he had an incredible instinct. His dad was already used to it since William saved him from marketing fraud. William had to bite inside his lips to hold his giggle when he remembered that. His father liked to sell the fishes that he –and William– caught after fishing, at that time he happened to catch a fish that *seemingly* an expensive one. There was a costumer who wanted to cheat his father by saying that it was just a regular fish, but William had caught the greed and craftiness from the man. It was bad and made William a little ill. And so, William called a professional fisherman who had been friends with his father and asked him to tell him about the fish in his father’s hand.

Loudly.

Let’s say, William never saw that costumer at the fish market since then.

But then, the fairy lady, his mother, came and talking with his father. William did not know if they were talking about his ability or not, and he was too afraid to ask his father about it.

“But, is that okay for you? He’s older than you,” His father’s voice snapped William back to the real world. “I mean… since Garry…”

William raised an eyebrow. “Daddy, Garry never did anything inappropriate to me except hugging me and touching my thigh. And in fact, I didn’t understand about his doing back then, so it didn’t make me traumatized as you think.”

About one and a half years ago, he was freaked out when he understand about what Garry did, and made his dad frantic in worry. For several weeks, he was scared of the older men who were not his father. Soon, his mind told him that it’s silly to be afraid. They were not Garry. Garry never had the chance to rape him. He did not *touch* him like his other victims. William never experienced the traumatic things – except from *the pendulum*.

And he was a six years old psychic. He was now able to know and not clueless who’s good or bad.

“Like I said he was fine, daddy,” William drank the milk in his glass, a bitter smile tugged on his lips. “My new friend is just lonely. Like I am.”

His father’s eyes softened. “Don’t worry, son, I’m sure you’re going to have many friends in your new school.” He said, ruffling his son’s hair.

“Daddy, stop that!!” William huffed.

“And if the bullies set their eyes on you, tell them to *fuck off*.”

William shook his head at what his father said. Only his father who approved his son to say the bad words.

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